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STRANGE AND UNBELIEVABLE!

# JOURNEY

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# FEAR



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# The BROKEN MIRROR

HER DANCE WAS A VISION OF BEAUTY, BUT ITS REFLECTION WAS A NIGHTMARE OF STARK MADNESS! YOU WILL LONG REMEMBER THE ADVENTURE OF THE BALLERINA AND THE BEAST!



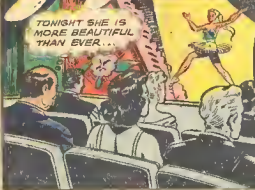
TONIGHT SHE IS MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN EVER...

EACH NIGHT AS GLENDA WEST GRACED THE STAGE WITH HER FLAWLESS RHYTHM THE BROODING EYES OF A FAMOUS SURGEON OWELLED IN STRANGE RAPTURE...

AND AFTER EACH PERFORMANCE, HE LINGERED IN THE SHADOWS NEAR THE STAGE DOOR...

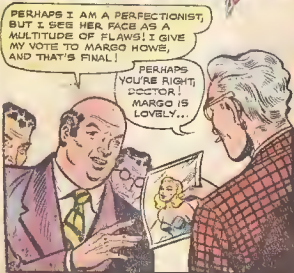
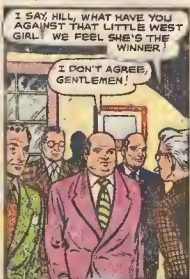
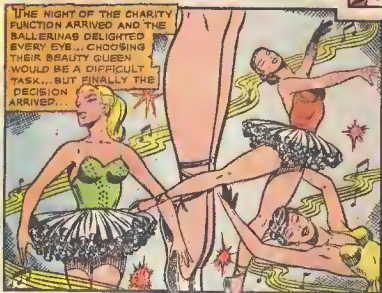
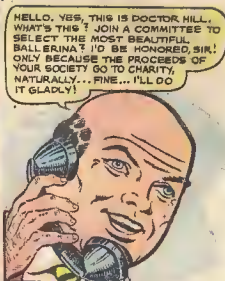
NEVER EVEN A GLANCE IN MY DIRECTION! SOME DAY, MY DEAR, OUR RELATIONSHIP WILL BE DIFFERENT...

TAGE  
ANCE



# JOURNEY INTO FEAR

**T**HE DAY WHEN GLENDA WEST WAS TO MEET THE MAN WHO WOULD CHANGE THE WHOLE PATTERN OF HER LIFE WAS NOT FAR AWAY... DOCTOR HILL WAS A NOTED PLASTIC SURGEON, BUT HIS SPARE TIME WAS SPENT READING, NOT MEDICAL BOOKS, BUT THE REVIEWS ON GLENDA'S LATEST SHOWS...





THE DOCTOR HAD APPLIED A WILD GAMBLE ON HIS DECISION THE NIGHT THE BALLERINA QUEEN WAS CHOSEN... BUT HE WON... WITH TREMBLING HEART HE LISTENED TO HIS PLOT BEING FULFILLED...

YES, I'LL SEE MISS WEST NURSE. PLEASE ASK HER TO COME IN...



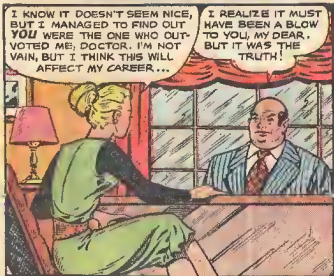
THIS IS A SURPRISE, MISS WEST! WHAT BRINGS SUCH A LOVELY GIRL TO VISIT A PLASTIC SURGEON?

OH, DOCTOR HILL, IT WAS SO KIND OF YOU TO SEE ME WITHOUT AN APPOINTMENT... I HAD TO SEE YOU...

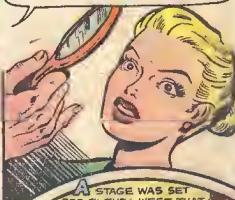


I KNOW IT DOESN'T SEEM NICE, BUT I MANAGED TO FIND OUT YOU WERE THE ONE WHO OUTVOTED ME, DOCTOR. I'M NOT VAIN, BUT I THINK THIS WILL AFFECT MY CAREER...

I REALIZE IT MUST HAVE BEEN A BLOW TO YOU, MY DEAR, BUT IT WAS THE TRUTH!

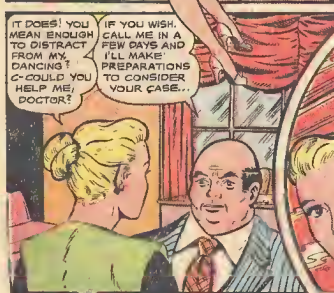


NATURALLY I DIDN'T MEAN TO AFFECT YOUR CAREER, BUT THE TRUTH IS YOU DO HAVE A SERIOUS CHIN MALFORMATION! I'M SURPRISED YOU WERE NEVER AWARE OF HOW MUCH IT SHOWS UP FROM THE STAGE!



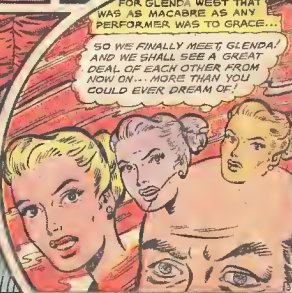
IT DOES! YOU MEAN ENOUGH TO DISTRACT FROM MY DANCING? COULD YOU HELP ME, DOCTOR?

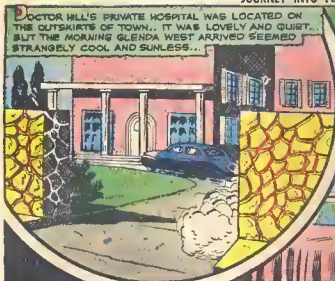
IF YOU WISH, CALL ME IN A FEW DAYS AND I'LL MAKE PREPARATIONS TO CONSIDER YOUR CASE...



A STAGE WAS SET FOR GLENDA WEST THAT WAS AS MACABRE AS ANY PERFORMER WAS TO GRACE...

SO WE FINALLY MEET, GLENDA! AND WE SHALL SEE A GREAT DEAL OF EACH OTHER FROM NOW ON... MORE THAN YOU COULD EVER DREAM OF!





DOCTOR HILL'S PRIVATE HOSPITAL WAS LOCATED ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN... IT WAS LOVELY AND QUIET... BUT THE MORNING GLENDA WEST ARRIVED SEEMED STRANGELY COOL AND SUNLESS...

THIS IS YOUR ROOM, MISS WEST, AND I'VE BEEN ASSIGNED TO KEEP YOU HAPPY WHILE YOU VISIT WITH US...

I'LL SEE YOU LATER, MISS WEST.

THANK YOU...



NO MIRRORS! STRANGE...HOW COME?

THE DOCTOR WANTS YOU TO FORGET YOUR OLD FACE... IT'LL HELP YOU TO BE PLEASED WITH YOUR NEW ONE AFTER YOUR OPERATION!



OH, GOOD AFTERNOON! YOU MUST BE DOCTOR GREY WHOM THE SURGEON SPOKE OF! I'M JUST KEEPING UP WITH MY DIARY...

I AM. AND WELCOME! I'LL BE WITH YOU DURING YOUR OPERATION...



NOW DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT A THING, DEAR...

I'LL CONFESS I WAS WORRIED... BUT SOMEHOW DOCTOR GREY MADE ME FEEL BETTER...

I'M RIGHT HERE, MISS WEST...

THIS WILL BE COMPLETELY PAINLESS, MY DEAR. YOU RELAX AND WE'LL HAVE YOU ASLEEP IN NO TIME...

TIME CEASED  
TO MATTER...  
THE PAIN  
BENEATH HER  
BANDAGED  
FACE CAME  
AND WENT...  
SURGEON HILL  
GAVE HIS  
PATIENT EVERY  
ATTENTION...  
FOR NOW  
SHE WAS  
MORE THAN  
HIS IDOL...  
SHE WAS  
HIS VICTIM!

YOU'LL BE COMING TO SOON  
MY LITTLE ONE... AND SLOWLY  
I WILL TEACH YOU TO LOVE  
ME AS I DO YOU...

SHE'S WAKING UP,  
I'LL STAY WITH HER  
NURSE YOU  
MAY GO...

ALL RIGHT  
DOCTOR...

DOCTOR GREY,  
DON'T LEAVE ME...  
DON'T GO...

IT'S ALL RIGHT  
GLENDA... YOU'RE  
COMING OUT OF  
THE ANESTHESIA...  
DON'T BE  
FRIGHTENED...

BUT I AM! I'M  
FRIGHTENED OF  
SOMETHING...  
SOMETHING!

SO MY LITTLE  
PATIENT IS  
AWAKE! FINE...

YES, DOCTOR... WHY  
DID YOU SEND  
DOCTOR GREY  
AWAY? LET SOME-  
ONE STAY WITH ME...  
YOU STAY... I'M  
AFRAID TO BE  
ALONE JUST  
NOW...

DAYS PASSED IN  
DRONING MONOTONY...  
DOCTOR HILL WAS  
LAVISH IN ATTENTION,  
AND IN A HIGHLY  
PROFESSIONAL  
MANNER, SO WAS  
DOCTOR GREY...

WHAT WOULD I DO WITHOUT  
MY DIARY FOR COMFORT? I  
FEEL SO DIFFERENT LATELY...  
BUT I KNOW WHY... I'VE FALLEN  
IN LOVE... YES,  
I LOVE MY  
DOCTOR.  
IT'S TRUE...

HELLO DOCTOR...  
I WAS JUST THINKING  
ABOUT YOU... I OWE  
YOU SO MUCH...

WELL, YOU  
SOUND  
CHEERFUL  
TODAY, MY  
DEAR!



DOCTOR  
WILL CAUGHT  
THE SOFTNESS  
IN GLENDA'S  
VOICE AND  
SAW THE SMILE  
BENEATH HER  
BANDAGED  
FACE... BUT  
ALSO HE SAW  
HER SMALL  
HAND DROP  
TO COVER  
THE PAGE  
SHE HAD  
BEEN SO  
BUSILY  
WRITING...



MISS BLAKE, I  
THINK A LITTLE  
SUNSHINE MIGHT  
DO OUR PATIENT  
A LOT OF GOOD!  
WHAT DO YOU  
THINK?

I AGREE WITH  
YOU, DOCTOR!  
SHE'S BEEN  
COOPED UP IN  
HER ROOM  
FOR DAYS!

I FEEL  
WONDERFUL...  
BUT A  
LITTLE  
SHAKY!

TODAY'S YOUR  
BIG DAY, HONEY!  
WE'LL BE TAKING  
OFF THOSE  
BANDAGES IN  
A FEW HOURS!



WHAT A CAD I AM... IT WAS HER  
DIARY... WHAT'S THIS?  
"I CAN'T HELP MYSELF... I'VE  
FALLEN IN LOVE WITH MY  
DOCTOR... IF ONLY I HAD THE  
COURAGE TO TELL HIM"



GLENDA! WHAT HAVE I DONE?  
I'VE RUINED EVERYTHING! I  
MUST THINK... NO! NO TIME  
FOR THAT... I MUST OPERATE...  
IMMEDIATELY!

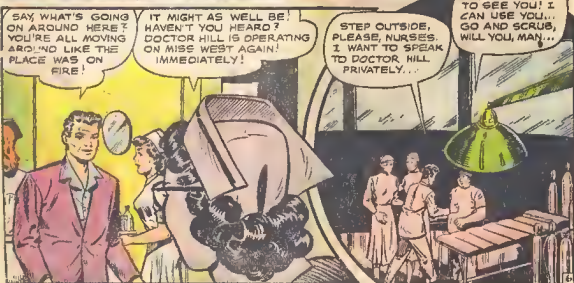


SAY, WHAT'S GOING  
ON AROUND HERE?  
YOU'RE ALL MOVING  
AROUND LIKE THE  
PLACE WAS ON  
FIRE!

IT MIGHT AS WELL BE!  
HAVEN'T YOU HEARD?  
DOCTOR HILL IS OPERATING  
ON MISS WEST AGAIN!  
IMMEDIATELY!

STEP OUTSIDE,  
PLEASE, NURSES.  
I WANT TO SPEAK  
TO DOCTOR HILL  
PRIVATELY...

GREY! I'M GLAD  
TO SEE YOU! I  
CAN USE YOU...  
GO AND SCRUB,  
WILL YOU, MAN...



# JOURNEY INTO FEAR

THERE WAS NO MISTAKING THE COLD FIERCENESS OF YOUNG DOCTOR GREY'S TONE AS HE MOVED TOWARD THE SURGEON THREATENINGLY.

WHAT SORT OF BUSINESS ARE YOU COOKING UP NOW? THAT GIRL DOESN'T NEED ANOTHER OPERATION AND YOU KNOW IT!

DON'T TOUCH ME, GREY! I TELL YOU I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING! SHE **MUST** HAVE THIS OPERATION!

IF YOU WON'T ASSIST ME, DON'T INTERFERE, OR I'LL KILL YOU! I LOVE GLENDA AND I'VE RUINED HER FACE... BUT THERE'S STILL TIME TO REMEDY THAT... SHE'LL NEVER KNOW...



BUT THEIR RAISED VOICES BROUGHT FORTH A CURIOUS EAVESCROPPER... GLENDA WEST HEARD HER NAME MENTIONED, AND...

**RUINED** MY FACE! WHAT DOES HE MEAN?

YOU COULD GET LIFE FOR THIS, YOU FIEND!

I WANT LIFE... LIFE WITH HER! AND I'LL HAVE IT AT ANY COST!



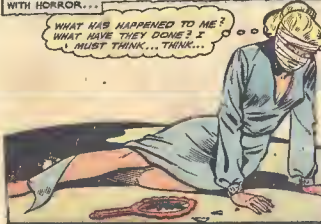
NURSE, WHAT'S WRONG IN THERE? WHAT ARE THEY SAYING?

BACK TO YOUR ROOM, YOUNG LADY! THIS MINUTE!



AFTER RETURNING TO HER QUARTERS, GLENDA SUDDENLY REALIZED THE SIGNIFICANCE OF ALL SHE HAD OVERHEARD... THE MIRROR FELL FROM HER HAND... AND FOR AN INSTANT SHE SANK TO THE FLOOR WEAK WITH HORROR...

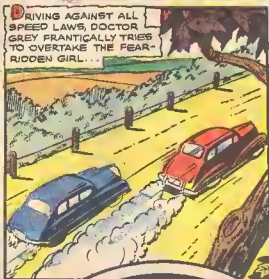
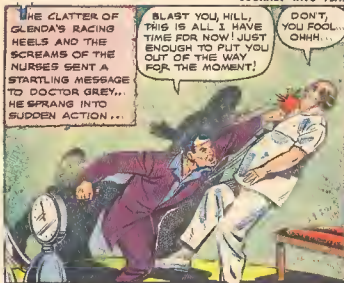
WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO ME? WHAT HAVE THEY DONE? I MUST THINK... THINK...



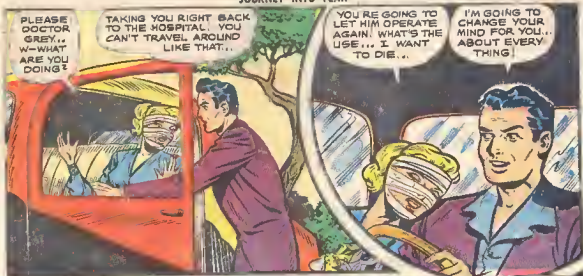
MISS WEST! WHERE ARE YOU GOING? COME BACK HERE! YOU CAN'T RUN OFF LIKE THAT! STOP HER, SOMEONE!







# JOURNEY INTO FEAR



PLEASE  
DOCTOR  
GREY...  
W-WHAT  
ARE YOU  
DOING?

TAKING YOU RIGHT BACK  
TO THE HOSPITAL. YOU  
CAN'T TRAVEL AROUND  
LIKE THAT...

YOU'RE GOING TO  
LET HIM OPERATE  
AGAIN! WHAT'S THE  
USE... I WANT  
TO DIE...

I'M GOING TO  
CHANGE YOUR  
MIND FOR YOU...  
ABOUT EVERY  
THING!

**B**RIGHTEENED  
AND  
WEAKENED  
INTO  
SUBMISSION,  
GLENDA WEST  
NO LONGER  
FOUGHT  
AGAINST THE  
FATE THAT  
AWAITED  
HER... SOON  
SHE WAS IN  
HER ROOM  
AGAIN  
LISTENING IN  
PANIC TO THE  
PROFESSIONAL  
VOICES  
OVER HER...



WE'RE REMOVING  
THESE BANDAGES  
AS SCHEDULED,  
NURSE! RIGHT  
NOW!

YES, DOCTOR, I  
THINK SHE'S  
CALMER NOW...



DON'T TURN YOUR  
FACE FROM ME,  
GLENDA! I INTEND  
LOOKING AT IT  
FOREVER

HERE! TAKE A  
LOOK! AND NO  
MORE BROKEN  
MIRRORS,  
PLEASE!

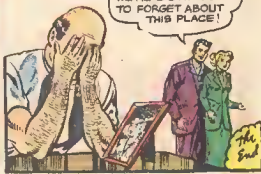
I-I'M  
AFRAID...

THE DRAMA CAME TO A CLOSE... ONLY ONE  
REMAINED ON THE STAGE... A SOBBING,  
SHUDDERING CHARACTER WHO PLAYED  
HIS PART LIKE FIEND AND FOOL... WHO  
PLACED DESIRE ABOVE REASON, AND  
WICKEDNESS ABOVE MERCY, BUT WHOSE  
PLOT WAS SHATTERED TO PIECES LIKE  
THE FRAGMENTS OF THE BROKEN MIRROR...

IT'S JUST THE SAME! I HAVEN'T  
CHANGED! B-BUT THE OPERATION? YOU  
FIXED ME, DOCTOR GREY! THAT'S WHY  
YOU WORKED ON MY FACE SO OFTEN!  
AND ALL THE WHILE YOU TOLD ME YOU  
WERE JUST FIXING THE DRESSINGS!



LET'S GO, DARLING!  
WE'RE BOTH GOING  
TO FORGET ABOUT  
THIS PLACE!



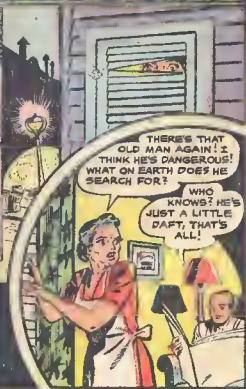
The  
End



JOURNEY INTO FEAR

# MIDNIGHT PROWLER

EACH NIGHT HE MADE HIS WAY THROUGH THE SHADOWS... WHAT WAS HIS GHOSTLY MISSION? HIS LITTLE JADE-EYED COMPANION KNEW THE ANSWER TO THE MYSTERY... WOULD YOU LIKE TO FOLLOW HIM DOWN THE DARKENED STREETS?



THERE'S THAT OLD MAN AGAIN! I THINK HE'S DANGEROUS! WHAT ON EARTH DOES HE SEARCH FOR?

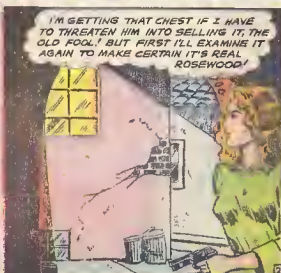
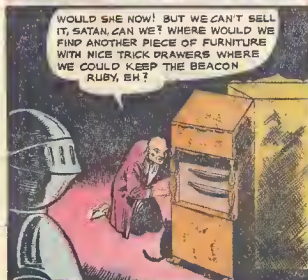
WHO KNOWS? HE'S JUST A LITTLE DAFT, THAT'S ALL!

WAS OLD JONAS PALMER DANGEROUS? WAS HE DAFT? LET'S EXAMINE THIS OLD MAN CLOSER...



THAT'S RIGHT LITTLE FRIEND KEEP LOOKING. WE'VE GOT TO FIND IT... GOT TO!

# JOURNEY INTO FEAR





# JOURNEY INTO FEAR

MRS. PETERS SILENTLY ENTERED THROUGH A BASEMENT WINDOW, LITTLE REALIZING TWO OTHERS WERE ALSO ABOUT TO ENTER WITH THE INTENTIONS OF LOOTING OLD JONAS PALMER...

THIS IS ALMOST TOO SIMPLE! BUT IT'S PLENTY DARK IN THERE! DON'T FALL OVER ANYTHING!



WHAT'S WRONG, SATAN? WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL ME, EH? WHAT WAS THAT? NOISES IN MY SHOP?



WE CAN'T AFFORD TO HAVE ANY PROWLERS AROUND WHERE OUR RUBY IS... BETTER SEE WHAT CAUSED THAT NOISE



ON THE SHADOWY BLACKNESS, THE THIEVING PAIR PAUSE WITH THE AWARENESS OF ANOTHER'S PRESENCE...



SOMEONE'S MOVING AROUND DOWN HERE. DO YOU THINK IT'S THE OLD MAN?

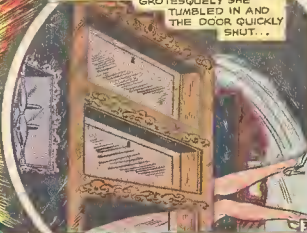


A BULLET WILL SCARE HIM OFF!

SHOT. SOMEONE SHOT ME. I-I'M DYING...



SILENTLY MRS. PETERS' BODY SLUMPED AGAINST THE CHEST SHE HAD SO COVETED, AND ITS WEIGHT SWUNG OPEN THE LARGEST TRICK DOOR... GROTESQUELY SHE TUMBLED IN AND THE DOOR QUICKLY SHUT...



# JOURNEY INTO FEAR

**J**ONAS CLICKED A LIGHT SWITCH AND STOOD FACING THE SMOKING GUN... HE HEARD THE THREATENING WORDS, BUT ABOVE THOSE SNARLING VOICES, ANOTHER SOUND REMAINED CRYSTAL CLEAR IN HIS BRAIN... THAT SNAP OF THE SECRET DOOR...

DON'T MAKE A SOUND POP OR WE'LL SILENCE YOU PERMANENTLY

OPEN THAT CHEST AND HAND OVER THE BEACON RUBY PAL THEN YOU WON'T GET HURT



DON'T SHOOT ME, GENTLEMEN! I - I CAN'T OPEN THE CHEST... I SOLD IT TO MRS PETERS! THE KEY IS IN HER POSSESSION... I WAS TO RETRIEVE MY JEWEL WHEN I DELIVERED THE CHEST TO HER!



I KNOW THAT SOUNDS LIKE A STRANGE ARRANGEMENT BUT IT WAS MY GUARANTEE TO HER THAT THE CHEST WOULD TRULY BE SOLD TO HER

WHERE DOES THIS DAME LIVE POP? WE'RE GOING VISITING



WE'LL DELIVER THE CHEST FOR YOU... THEN SHE CAN OPEN IT COME ON... MOVE

HER ADDRESS... I MUST LOOK IT UP!



**J**ONAS WAS GAMBLING... HE KNEW A BODY WAS IN THE CHEST... IF HE GUESSED CORRECTLY, IT WAS MRS. PETERS... IF HE WAS WRONG, HE WAS AT LEAST LEADING THE THIEVES TO WHERE HE WOULD RECEIVE HELP

HAVING THAT TRUCK WITH US WAS JUST PLAIN LUCK!

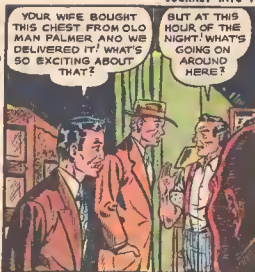
PLEASE BE CAREFUL, IT'S A PRICELESS CHEST...



**P**ACING NERVOUSLY BACK AND FORTH BEFORE HIS MASTER'S SHOP OF ANTIQUES, SATAN WATCHES THE TRUCK WITH ITS GRIM SECRET, VANISH FROM SIGHT...



MR. PETERS QUICKLY OPENED THE DOOR TO ADMIT THE STRANGE VISITORS... HIS EYES WORE THE ANXIOUS LOOK OF ONE WHO IS WAITING... JONAS FELT A CHILL FOR THE SHOCK AWAITING THIS MAN...



YOUR WIFE BOUGHT THIS CHEST FROM OLD MAN PALMER AND WE DELIVERED IT! WHAT'S SO EXCITING ABOUT THAT?

BUT AT THIS HOUR OF THE NIGHT! WHAT'S GOING ON AROUND HERE?

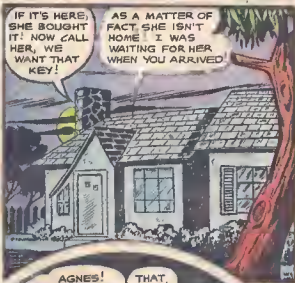
I THOUGHT YOU REFUSED TO SELL THAT CHEST TO MY WIFE! THAT'S WHAT SHE TOLD ME...

I DID REFUSE, BUT IT SEEMS THAT SHE WAS VERY DETERMINED TO GET IT!



IF IT'S HERE, SHE BOUGHT IT! NOW CALL HER, WE WANT THAT KEY!

AS A MATTER OF FACT SHE ISN'T HOME! I WAS WAITING FOR HER WHEN YOU ARRIVED.



NOT HOME EH? WELL, PALMER, WHAT DO WE DO NOW? STANO ASIDE I'LL SHOOT THAT DOOR OPEN.

WAIT, GENTLE MEN! THE LADY IS HOME! I'LL SHOW YOU...



AGNES! WHAT HAPPENED TO HER?

THAT SHOT! YOU MUST HAVE KILLED HER!

SHUT UP, YOU FOOL!



GO TO THE PHONE, MR. PALMER AND CALL THE POLICE! IF EITHER OF YOU TWO THUGS MOVE A MUSCLE, I'LL SHOOT! PUT YOUR HANDS UP WHERE I CAN WATCH THEM!





# JOURNEY INTO FEAR

UNTIL HE SATISFIED THE POLICE WITH AN EXPLANATION OF HIS PART IN THE GRIM MURDER, JONAS WAS HELD AT THE POLICE STATION... BUT FINALLY HE WAS FREED...

I'LL HAVE THAT CHEST SENT BACK TO YOUR SHOP FOR YOU, MR. PALMER... IF YOU STILL WANT IT AFTER THIS...

OH I WANT IT... I MOST DEFINITELY WANT IT...



AND FINALLY LIFE SEEMED TO RESUME ITS NORMAL PACE...

THEY BROUGHT OUR CHEST BACK, LITTLE SATAN! SHALL WE TAKE A LOOK AT OUR RUBY?



WITH TREMBLING FINGERS, JONAS OPENED THE SMALL SECRET DRAWER... THEN HE STARED IN HORROR AND DISBELIEF...

GONE!  
IT'S GONE!



IT MUST HAVE FALLEN OUT THE REAR PANEL AS THE TRUCK JOUNCED ALONG TOWARD THE PETERS' HOUSE! I'VE GOT TO FIND IT! MY WHOLE LIFE'S EARNINGS. I MUST FIND IT...



THERE'S THAT OLD MAN AGAIN! HE MAKES ME NERVOUS! WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE HE'S LOOKING FOR?

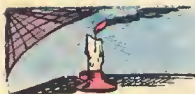
I CAN'T IMAGINE! HE'S BEEN PROWLING AROUND LIKE THAT FOR MONTHS MUTTERING AWAY TO HIS CAT! JUST A LITTLE DAFT, THAT'S ALL!

BUT ONE NIGHT...

NO SIGN OF OLD MAN PALMER TONIGHT! I GUESS HE MUST HAVE ENDED UP IN AN ASYLUM!

ASYLUM NOTHING! I WAS JUST READING ABOUT HIM! IT SEEMS HE FURNISHED PROOF OF OWNERSHIP AT THE POLICE STATION TODAY FOR A HUGE RUBY! THEY FOUND IT MONTHS AGO A FEW FEET AWAY FROM AN ANTIQUE SHOP HE USED TO OWN!





# GHOST CLINIC

by Doctor Shade



*Presented below are true experiences drawn from Dr. Shade's collection of supernatural events. Let us explore the unknown with him, the better to learn of unexplained forces that exist about us. We invite you to share any accounts of similar events. This is to be YOUR Ghost Clinic. Your stories will appear in coming issues of JOURNEY INTO FEAR, and will be illustrated by members of the Clinic's staff. Everyone enjoys a ghost story . . . let us hear yours! Write to . . .*

**DR. SHADE,  
GHOST CLINIC**

2332 Dundas Street West,  
Toronto 9, Ontario, Canada.

## THE SMALLEST GHOSTS

An abandoned house, with a tangled garden growing free and wild, can create a lot of wondering. Who once lived there and what was the reason they deserted their property? Why has it been unoccupied all these years? Could it be because the lonely property, where the wind sighs and the draught blinds shut out the sunshine, is haunted?

Such a house and its secret stood in the tree-shadows on Elm Street. Only the old timers could recall the spinster sisters, Mary and Margret Bond. They were genteel maidens, shy of the world and living within the bonds of their comfortable inheritance and low walls of natural rock that surrounded their home. Being part of the neighborhood scene they were not singled out as a curiosity until the day arrived when it was noted that they had apparently disappeared. Of course they hadn't vanished into thin air, but they had separated and taken up living quarters elsewhere. But why? Only their faithful housekeeper, Mrs. Holmes, knew the answer. We obtained the story from her and it is a tale of jealousy, hate, and two very small ghosts, named Chirper and Suzy!

Chirper, as you may well guess was a canary, and Margret's pride and joy. Suzy, on the other hand, was a natural born enemy of Chirper's species. Suzy was a cat, and the object of her mistress' devotion. Suzy belonged to Mary. The green-eyed bundle of fur wandered from room to room through-

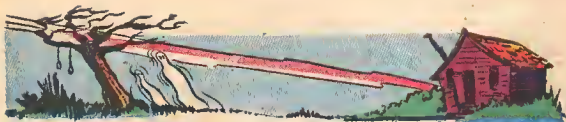
out the house, pausing often, and speculatively, before Chirper's cage. This attention caused the little bird considerable alarm and his song was often mingled with cries of terror. Try as she might, Mrs. Holmes could not watch Suzy closely enough to prevent these encounters. The elderly sisters were bitterly resentful of each other's pets and the situation finally came to a strange climax.

During one of Mary's brief shopping tours, Margret poisoned and buried Suzy in the family garden. Mrs. Holmes witnessed this in silent horror. It was an act she knew would have repercussions in the Bond household, and indeed it did. Broken-hearted over the loss of her pet, whom she believed had wandered away, Mary brooded bitterly over the presence of the small song bird.

Meanwhile, another strange event took place. Over the patch of earth that topped Suzy's grave there grew a cluster of wild poppies. These flowers, fragile and tissue-like in blossom, are unwelcome in a cultured garden. Their twisted, unattractive roots are not content to remain underground. It was Mrs. Holmes, herself, who encouraged Mary to weed them out. It seemed a happy thought to get the grieving sister out into the sunshine. Perhaps it was fated that Mary wouldn't be satisfied to simply weed out the poppies, but that she would turn over the earth in her gardening and discover with a blood-chilling shriek, the corpse of little Suzy. Wild-eyed she ran into the room where Chirper hopped about in his cage. It was too late for Mrs. Holmes to stop her. Little Chirper died quickly and a cycle of fate completed its turn. Soon the sisters parted and the house stood alone. Mrs. Holmes eventually abandoned her monthly task of cleaning away the mounting dust within, for she vowed that only too often could she hear the ghostly strains of a throaty little song that ended in a cry of fear as a low cat-like shadow brushed against her apron skirt when she tidied up the room where once stood a gilded cage!

## THE VISION

Twenty years ago when Thomas MacCray kissed his little mother farewell on leaving his native soil, the last of his thoughts were those of sadness or death. Young ambition



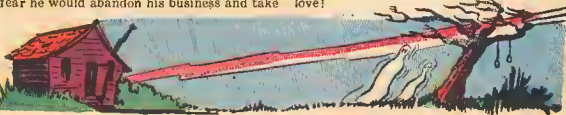
filled his heart, and his dreams of life on American soil took many a flight of fancy. Success was long in coming to MacCray, and the time of returning to visit his mother became more and more remote. Being a loving son, Thomas grieved that he could not gather enough money or take enough time out from his small business. Suddenly, one day, he became overcome with a tremendous longing. Without explanation to his clerks, he rushed from his dry-goods store. In his small apartment his trunk had stood ready all these years, waiting for the day Thomas would again pack. As he opened the darkened closet to pull the trunk out, he was greeted with a sweet breath of fragrance from within. There was no doubting it . . . it was heather! For an instant, MacCray paused, his eyes filling with tears. Here was the scent of home and of the longing that haunted him. His impulsive actions were going to cost him every penny he owned and no doubt his business as well. He reached into the darkness but again he paused . . . something was touching his hand. It was warm and of a substance he could not recognize. Not without apprehension, he peered into the darkness. For an instant he froze in fear . . . standing beside his trunk was his mother! The warmth in his hand was the touch of her hand. She smiled, and fright faded from him as he called out her name. There was no answer, but the vision gently shook its head, no . . . no. Suddenly it was gone. Thomas cried out after it, hardly knowing he did. It was the knocking at his door that brought him back to his senses. His clerk had trailed him home, bringing with him a cablegram marked, urgent. MacCray tore open the envelope and stared unbelievably at its contents. It was from a member of his family and it told that his mother had died over a week before and didn't want her son notified until after her burial for fear he would abandon his business and take

a hasty useless trip to see her placed in the ground!

### THE PHANTOM BRIDE

Many a man has gone through life unmarried, but Grant Lawson's case was decidedly different. In a manner of speaking, he married a ghost! But let us begin at the beginning . . .

Grant lived in the newest settlement of Red Bank, Nevada, and he eagerly awaited the arrival of the girl who had promised to be his wife. He made all preparations, from engaging the Preacher to arranging the wedding feast. He was a man deeply in love and happy with life, until the fateful day when news arrived that the coach bringing his bride-to-be had crashed, and she was listed among the dead. For days, Lawson wandered about in a daze, neighbors and friends fearing for his sanity. It was just one day before his scheduled wedding that he ordered public notices posted about town. The marriage would take place as planned! Crowds filled the small wooden church and gasped as they witnessed the brideless wedding. In low, clear tones, Grant declared his vows. Some swore they smelled the wild rose blossoms the bride was to have worn. Others claimed they saw a ghostly arm reach out when Grant took the ring from his vest pocket and held it forth in the gesture of slipping it on a slender finger. Many were the tales of that strange wedding and as long as Grant Lawson lived they never stopped. Those who didn't attend the ghostly wedding feast were wont to pause before the Lawson porch on summer evenings when the old gentleman rocked back and forth in the straight-backed chair. Beside him was a smaller rocker and empty though it seemed, it kept a steady pace with his. Often, the wifeless man turned toward it and smiled with the contentment that is born only of love!



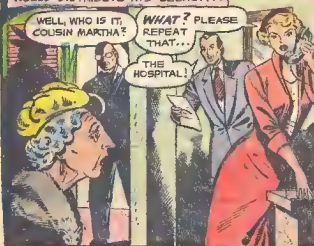


# The WANDERING CORPSE

**W**AS THERE NO RESTING PLACE FOR THE ROAMING CADAVER? WHAT WAS THE PURPOSE OF HIS WEIRD JOURNEYS? DEAD MEN DO NOT TALK, BUT THIS MYSTERY ALMOST WENT UNSOLVED!



**W**EBSTER CHUMLY WAS DEAD ONLY A FEW HOURS, BUT HIS HOPEFUL RELATIVES LOST NO TIME GATHERING... THEIR GRIEF THINLY DISGUISED BENEATH THE ANTICIPATION OF HOW THE WEALTHY OLD ECCENTRIC WOULD DISTRIBUTE HIS LEGACY...



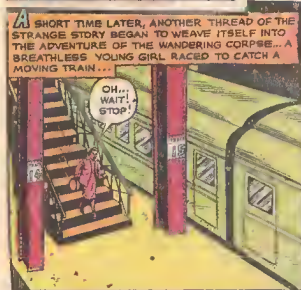
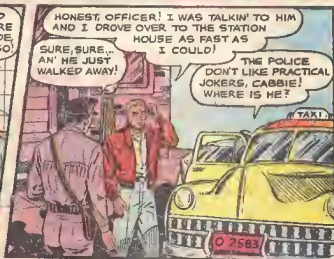
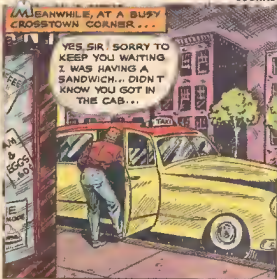
WELL, WHO IS IT, COUSIN MARTHA?

WHAT? PLEASE REPEAT THAT...

THE HOSPITAL!

I TELL YOU MR. CHUMLY'S CORPSE HAS DISAPPEARED FROM THE HOSPITAL MORGUE!... OF COURSE WE'VE LOOKED... EVERYWHERE! WE CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT!





# JOURNEY INTO FEAR

...WHILE ABOARD  
THAT VERY TRAIN...

GOING TO HOPESVILLE, EH?  
THESE SLEEPING PASSENGERS  
GIVE ME A PAIN! EXPECT A  
CONDUCTOR TO BE THEIR  
PRIVATE ALARM CLOCK!

...AN  
HOUR  
LATER...

THAT'S STRANGE! BILL  
TOLD ME TO WAKE THAT  
MAN AT HOPESVILLE, AND  
HE'S GONE! MUST  
HAVE GOT OFF AT  
THE WRONG  
STATION!

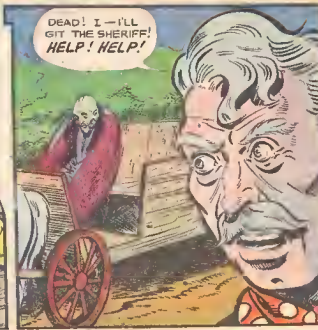
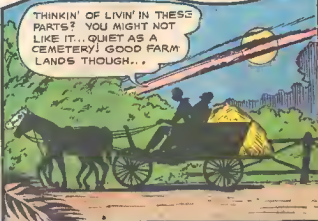
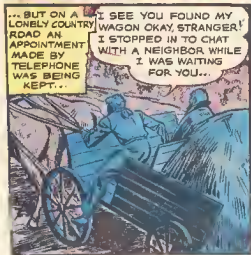
...BUT ON A  
LONELY COUNTRY  
ROAD AN  
APPOINTMENT  
MADE BY  
TELEPHONE  
WAS BEING  
KEPT...

I SEE YOU FOUND MY  
WAGON OKAY, STRANGER!  
I STOPPED IN TO CHAT  
WITH A NEIGHBOR WHILE  
I WAS WAITING  
FOR YOU...

THINKIN' OF LIVIN' IN THESE  
PARTS? YOU MIGHT NOT  
LIKE IT... QUIET AS A  
CEMETERY! GOOD FARM  
LANDS THOUGH...

SAY, YOU'RE MIGHTY QUIET...  
YIIII... IT'S A DEAD MAN! AN'  
ME SITTIN' HERE TALKIN'  
AWAY TO HIM!

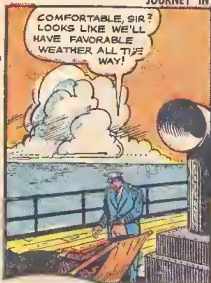
DEAD! I—I'LL  
GIT THE SHERIFF!  
HELP! HELP!





# JOURNEY INTO FEAR

**B**UT THE SHERIFF NEVER DID GET TO SEE THE DEAD MAN, FOR AGAIN HE MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED... BUT WHEN A STEAMER BOUND FOR CUBA WAS ONLY ONE HOUR OUT OF PORT, A FAMILIAR FIGURE WAS PROPPED UP ON ONE OF THE DECK CHAIRS...

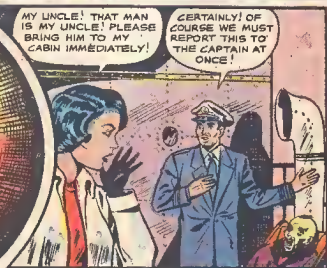


BUT HOW DID HE GET ABOARD? WHO IS HE? THIS IS TERRIBLE!



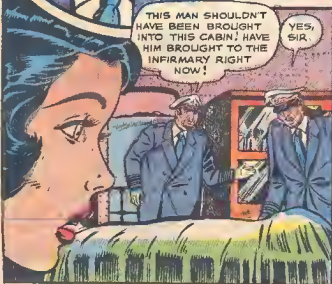
MY UNCLE! THAT MAN IS MY UNCLE! PLEASE BRING HIM TO MY CABIN IMMEDIATELY!

CERTAINLY! OF COURSE WE MUST REPORT THIS TO THE CAPTAIN AT ONCE!



THIS MAN SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN BROUGHT INTO THIS CABIN! HAVE HIM BROUGHT TO THE INFIRMARY RIGHT NOW!

YES, SIR.

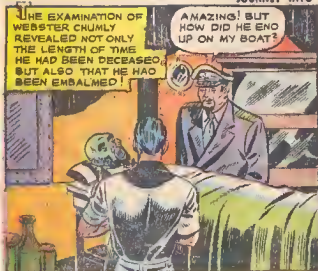


IT'S DREADFUL...

IT IS, MISS. MY DEEPEST SYMPATHY... IF THERE IS ANYTHING YOU WANT, PLEASE DON'T HESITATE TO ASK...



# JOURNEY INTO FEAR



THE EXAMINATION OF WEBSTER CHUMPLY REVEALED NOT ONLY THE LENGTH OF TIME HE HAD BEEN DECEASED, BUT ALSO THAT HE HAD BEEN EMBALMED!

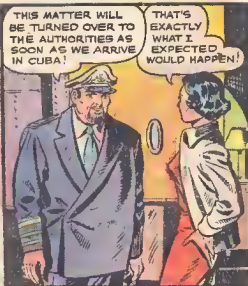
AMAZING! BUT HOW DID HE END UP ON MY BOAT?

I'D SUGGEST THAT YOU TALK WITH THAT GIRL, SIR!

YOU'RE RIGHT! THE ENTIRE SITUATION IS MOST PECULIAR!



...AND THUS THE SAME YOUNG LADY WHO EARLIER HAD MISSED HER TRAIN, MANAGED TO CATCH A SHIP THAT WAS TO SAIL HER INTO HIGH ADVENTURE!



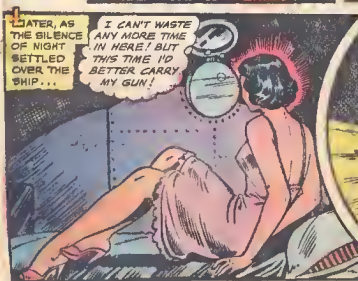
THIS MATTER WILL BE TURNED OVER TO THE AUTHORITIES AS SOON AS WE ARRIVE IN CUBA!

THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I EXPECTED WOULD HAPPEN!



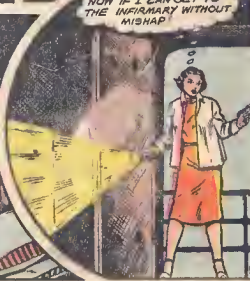
I MUST ALSO ASK YOU TO REMAIN IN YOUR CABIN UNTIL WE GET INTO PORT...

OR, IN LESS POLITE WORDS, I'M UNDER ARREST!



LATER, AS THE SILENCE OF NIGHT SETTLED OVER THE SHIP...

I CAN'T WASTE ANY MORE TIME IN HERE! BUT THIS TIME I'D BETTER CARRY MY GUN!



NO ONE ABOUT NOW IF I CAN GET TO THE INFIRMARY WITHOUT MISHAP!

# JOURNEY INTO FEAR

IT WOULD  
SEEM THAT  
WEBSTER  
CHUMLY WAS  
NOT YET TO  
REST IN  
PEACE! HIS  
CORPSE WAS  
STRETCHED  
OUT ON A  
TABLE MILES  
AWAY FROM  
THE PLACE  
WHERE HE  
BREADED  
HIS LAST...  
BUT WHAT  
WAS TO  
NAPPEN  
NOW?



AHHH! JUST AS  
I THOUGHT! THIS  
IS PERFECT TIMING!



TURN AROUND, CHUM!  
I'VE HAD A DATE WITH  
YOU FOR A LONG TIME!

THE LATE MR. CHUMLY HIRED ME FOR  
JUST THIS PURPOSE! HE WONDERED  
WHICH OF HIS KIN WOULD TRY TO  
GET AT HIS FORTUNE... IN FACT HE  
ALMOST SUSPECTED IT WOULD  
BE YOU!



YOU WENT THROUGH A  
LOT OF TROUBLE  
HIJACKING HIS BODY  
DIDN'T YOU? IT'S NOT  
SO EASY TO KIDNAP  
A CORPSE, BUT YOU  
DID FAIRLY WELL!

I WAS  
SIMPLY TRYING  
TO GET WHAT  
SHOULD RIGHT-  
FULLY BE MY  
INHERITANCE!



SO OUR  
YOUNG LADY  
WAS A  
DETECTIVE  
ALL ALONG!  
BUT WHY DID  
THE GREEDY  
CAPTAIN  
NEED HIS  
UNCLE'S  
CORPSE TO  
GET AN  
INHERITANCE?

THE OLD  
MISER NEVER  
DID MAKE  
OUT A WILL.

I KNOW, HE HID HIS  
MONEY BUT HE HAD  
A SMALL MAP OF ITS  
WHEREABOUTS  
TATTOOED ON  
HIS BACK.



HE TOLD ME THAT  
YOU ARRANGED FOR  
HIM TO HAVE THAT  
TATTOO. CAPTAIN  
NONE OF THE OTHER  
RELATIVES HAD ANY  
KNOWLEDGE OF IT!  
YOU WERE MOST  
ANXIOUS TO GET  
A LOOK AT IT.  
WEREN'T YOU?

IT IS OUR  
REGRETTABLE  
DUTY TO PLACE  
YOU UNDER  
ARREST. CAPTAIN  
BODY-SNATCHING  
ISN'T APPROVED  
OF BY LAW YOU  
KNOW.



The End



# GYPSY'S CURSE

BREWED IN A CAULDRON OF BITTER REVENGE AND FLAVORED WITH THE VENOM OF BLACK RANCOR, IS A ROMANY CURSE! WOE BE TO HIM WHO SHALL BE ITS VICTIM, FOR AS WITH DEATH, THERE CAN BE NO ESCAPE FROM ITS FULL MEASURE!



GREG PETERS, FEATURED STAR AND FAMOUS SCREEN LOVER, WAS MAKING ANOTHER PICTURE AND HIS COMPANY WAS ON LOCATION IN AN AUTHENTIC GYPSY CAMP FOR ATMOSPHERE...

C MON, GREG. PUT MORE INTO IT! YOU'VE GOT THE MOST IMPORTANT LEADING LADY OUR STUDIO CONTRACTS IN YOUR ARMS!

OKAY. LET'S GET THIS OVER WITH!



I'LL BE WITH YOU IN A FEW MINUTES, BABY! YOU JUST STANO BY!

I DON'T KNOW IF I ENJOY WATCHING YOU KISS THAT GIRL GREG...



# JOURNEY INTO FEAR

**G**REG PETERS WAS WHILING AWAY HIS TIME, BUT THE LOOK IN LUCIA'S EYES WAS DEEP AND COMPELLING... SOMEHOW SHE MANAGED TO PUT HIM AT A LOSS FOR WORDS... IT WAS LIKE TOYING WITH FIRE...

YOU'RE QUIET TONIGHT, LITTLE ONE...

MY THOUGHTS ARE OF THE FUTURE, GREG...

MY FATHER ALREADY STARTS THE ARRANGEMENTS FOR OUR MARRIAGE, YET YOU HAVEN'T SPOKEN OF IT TO ME...

MARRIAGE! WHAT ON EARTH PUT SUCH AN IOEA IN YOUR HEAD?

IDEA! IS LOVE AN IOEA TO YOU? HAVE THESE WEEKS TOGETHER BEEN A GAME TO YOU?

NOW DON'T SPOIL EVERYTHING. HAVEN'T YOU ENJOYED OUR FRIENDSHIP TOO?

FRIENDSHIP! YOU HAVE DEFILED MY HEART!

SO YOU HEARD HER! WELL, DON'T ASK ME WHERE YOUR DAUGHTER GOT THOSE NOTIONS OF MARRIAGE!

I HEARD NOTHING. BUT LUCIA WILL SOON DRY HER TEARS AND TELL ME WHAT I SHOULD KNOW, PETERS.

INSTINCT WARNED GREG PETERS HE WAS DEALING WITH A PROBLEM THAT COULD PROVE TROUBLESOME. WITHOUT FURTHER ADD, HE MADE A REASONABLE SUGGESTION TO JOE WILSON, FRIEND AND DIRECTOR OF HIS LATEST FILM...

LET'S GET BACK TO HOLLYWOOD, JOE! THAT LITTLE GYPSY GAL IS GETTING IN MY HAIR!

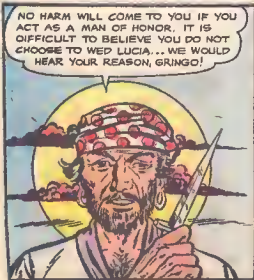
HEARTLESS BEAST! ALL THAT MATTERS TO GREG PETERS IS GREG PETERS!

# JOURNEY INTO FEAR

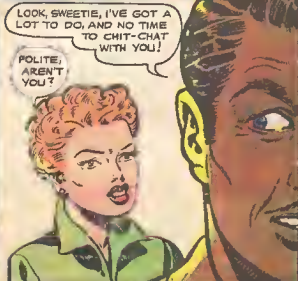
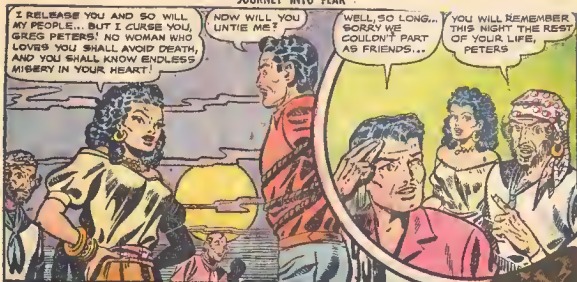
THAT VERY NIGHT, THE CAST AND ASSISTANTS STARTED TO ASSEMBLE THEIR EQUIPMENT TO LEAVE THE GYPSY CAMP, BUT IN SHITE OF THE ACTIVITY, MUCH WAS HAPPENING IN THE SHADOWS...

SOMEONE COULD GET HURT BEFORE THIS NIGHT IS OVER, AND IT'S NOT GOING TO BE ME!

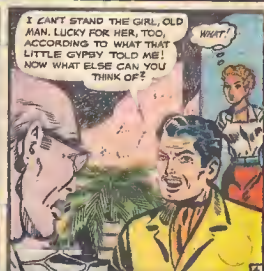
WHAT A FOOL I AM NOT TO CARRY A GUN FOR PROTECTION. BUT THIS WILL DO... THANK GOODNESS NO ONE IS AROUND TO SEE ME STEALING FROM THOSE GYPSIES.







GETTING BACK TO HOLLYWOOD WAS LIKE RETURNING TO CIVILIZATION... IN NO TIME THE PICTURE WAS FINISHED AND TRANQUILITY SETTLED OVER GREG PETERS' LIFE... THE GYPSY'S CURSE SEEMED A THING OF THE FORGOTTEN PAST...



A SILENCE CHARGED WITH ELECTRICITY SETTLED OVER THE TRIO AS HOPE CALDWELL STEPPED INTO VIEW... IT WAS OBVIOUS THAT SHE HAD "HARD"

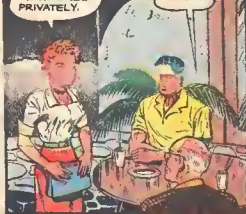
DENOUNCED HER SMALL FACE WAS WHITE AND HER VOICE SHOOK WHEN SHE SPOKE...

WILSON, WOULD YOU MIND TAKING A STROLL? I'D LIKE TO SPEAK WITH GREG PRIVATELY.

CERTAINLY, MY DEAR. HOW CHARMING YOU LOOK TODAY. WELL, EXCUSE ME, YOU TWO...

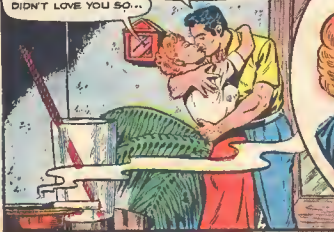
I WAS JUST JOKING HOPE. YOU KNOW I'M CRAZY ABOUT YOU!

TELL ME MORE, GREG...



YOU'RE SUCH A NAUGHTY BOY, GREG! I WISH I DIDN'T LOVE YOU SO...

THAT'S BETTER! FOR A MINUTE I THOUGHT YOU WERE REALLY ANGRY!



I'LL LOVE YOU TILL I DIE, GREG... OR UNTIL YOU DO!

THAT'LL BE A FULL TIME JOB... I HAVE INTENTIONS OF BEING AROUND A LONG TIME!



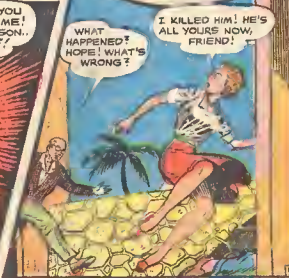
BUT I CHANGED YOUR PLANS, DIDN'T I, DARLING?

HOPE! Y-YOU STABBED ME! HELP... WILSON.. HELP ME!

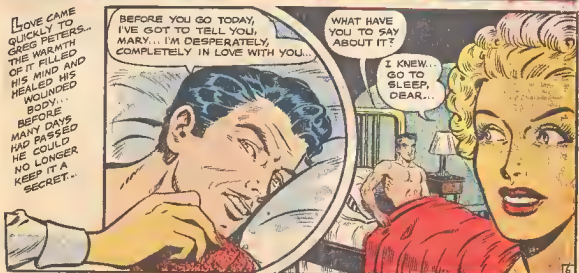
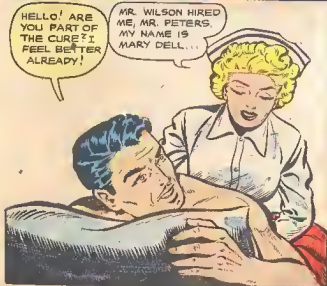
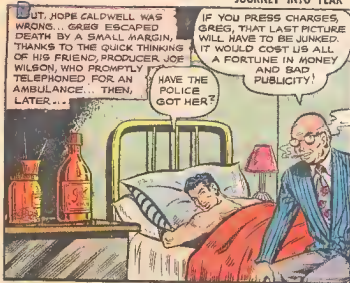


WHAT HAPPENED? HOPE! WHAT'S WRONG?

I KILLED HIM! HE'S ALL YOURS NOW, FRIEND!



# JOURNEY INTO FEAR





# JOURNEY INTO FEAR

WHEN GREG WAS DISMISSED FROM THE HOSPITAL, HE TOOK MARY WITH HIM... NOT ONCE DID THE GYPSY CURSE CROSS HIS HAPPY MIND...

MARRIED SO SOON, GREG?

OF COURSE! WHY WAIT? I COULDN'T LOVE YOU MORE, AND YOU LOVE ME...



NOW WHERE ARE YOU OFF TO? YOU KNOW I HATE TO HAVE YOU OUT OF MY SIGHT!

I'VE GOT TO PICK UP SOME DRESSINGS AT THE DRUG STORE FOR YOUR BACK, DARLING.



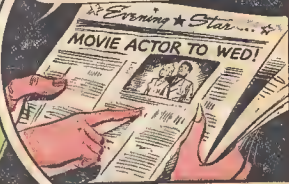
MARY SOON RETURNED AND SHE CLUTCHED A NEWSPAPER IN HER TREMBLING HANDS... STRANGE THAT GREG DIDN'T RECALL THE CURSE THEN...

I GUESS MY BIG DREAM IS JUST A LAUGH AFTER ALL!

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, MARY? WHAT'S WRONG? TELL ME...



YOU READ IT! HOPE CALDWELL TO WED GREG PETERS! AND WHY NOT? WHAT WOULD HE HAVE IN COMMON WITH A NURSE WITH THE MOST BEAUTIFUL ACTRESS OF FILMLAND AT HIS BECK AND CALL!



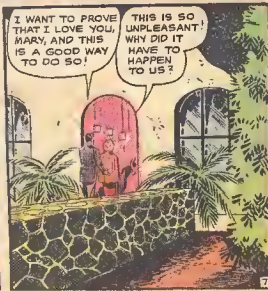
YOU KNOW THAT'S A BLASTED LIE! SHE'D DO ANYTHING TO HURT ME! WE'RE GOING TO HER PLACE RIGHT NOW! I WANT YOU TO HEAR WHAT I HAVE TO SAY TO HER!

OH, GREG... I HOPE IT IS A LIE...



I WANT TO PROVE THAT I LOVE YOU, MARY, AND THIS IS A GOOD WAY TO DO SO!

THIS IS SO UNPLEASANT! WHY DID IT HAVE TO HAPPEN TO US?



# JOURNEY INTO FEAR

HOPE WAS ENTERTAINING GUESTS, BUT SHE INVITED HER VISITORS INTO A MORE PRIVATE ROOM. HER EYES WERE MOCKING IN SPITE OF HER FEIGNED SURPRISE AT THE NEWSPAPER REPORT...



BUT YOU KNOW I NEVER LOVED YOU! TELL THAT TO MARY! I WANT HER TO HEAR IT FROM YOU!

WHY, GREG, DARLING! WHAT A TEMPER YOU'RE IN TODAY! AM I TO BLAME FOR A RUMOR ABOUT US?

GREG DIDN'T EVEN LOOK AT THE WEAPON HE CLUTCHED FOR... RAGE SEETHED WITHIN HIM BLOTING OUT ALL JUDGMENT...



GREG! DON'T!

YOU SHE-DEVIL! I'LL KILL YOU!

D-DON'T!



MARY, MARY SPEAK TO ME WHAT HAVE I DONE MARY—MARY...

HE STABBED HER!



I SAW IT! HE WAS LUNGING AT HOPE AND THAT GIRL JUMPED BETWEEN THEM! HE DIDN'T MEAN TO KILL HER... HE WAS GOING TO KILL HOPE!

HELLO! POLICE...

MARY, DARLING! I LOVE YOU SO...



IT ISN'T SO EASY TO LIVE WITH A DEAD HEART, IS IT, GREG PETERS?

LUCIA! THE GYPSY'S CURSE... IT CAME TRUE! I KILLED MY LOVE, AND NOW I WILL NEVER KNOW PEACE AGAIN!

GREG WAS LED OFF TO PRISON TO SUFFER AN ENDLESS TORTURE... TIME WOULD EVENTUALLY BLOT OUT THE MEMORY OF THE GIRL HE LOVED AND KILLED BUT TO WHAT AVAIL, FOR HE WOULD NEVER ESCAPE THE PENALTY OF THE GYPSY'S CURSE...

The End

# TERRIFIC

# PRICE SMASH

## BUY NOW! SAVE

UP TO

BIG SIZE!

PUSH  
BUTTON  
SWITCH-KNIFE

165

PRESS  
BUTTON TO OPEN

Surprise your friends with this amazing PUSH-BUTTON knife! Every man should carry one! — push blade of sharp steel just push button! Blade flies open lighting-fast! Notice bolsters for sure hand grip and safety lock. knife. Some say! Only 165



**Eternal Love  
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